With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This Royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This oter Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the Siluer Sea,
Which serueues it in the office of a Wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For Christian seruice and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worlds Ransome, blessed *Maries* sonne:
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare land;
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement and Pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conqueſt of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death;

Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more;

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
King. What comfort man? how'st with aged *Gaunt?*

Gaunt

Gaunt. O how
Old *Gaunt* indeed
Within me grief
And who abstain
For sleeping Eng
Watching breed
The pleasure tha
Is my strickt fast,
And therein, fast
Gaunt am I for th
Whose hollow w
King. Can sick
Gaunt. No, m
Since thou dost s
O mocke my nam
King. Should
Gaunt. No, no
King. Thou n
Gaunt. Oh no,
King. I am in
Gaunt. Now h
Ill in my selfe to s
Thy death-bed is
Wherein thou lye
And thou too car
Committ'st thy an
Of those Phisitio
A thousand Flatte
Whose compasse
And yet inraged i
The waste is no w
Oh had thy Gran
Seene how his So
From foorth thy r
Deposing thee be
Which art possest
Why Cosin wert
It were a shame to